

The most lamentable Tragedie

*Tamor.* Now will I hence about thy busines,  
And take my ministers along with me.

*Titus.* Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,  
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,  
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.

*Tam.* What say you boyes, will you bide with him,  
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,  
How I haue governd our determind iest,  
Yeelde to his humour, smooth and speake him faire,  
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

*Titus.* I know them all, though they suppose me mad,  
And will ore-reach them in theyr owne deuises,  
A payre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam.

*Deme.* Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.

*Tamora.* Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes  
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

*Titus.* I know thou doost, and sweete reuenge farewell.

*Chiron.* Tell vs old man, how shall we be imployd,

*Titus.* But I haue worke enough for you to doe,

*Publius* come hether, *Caius*, and *Valentine*,

*Publius.* What is your will?

*Titus.* Know you these two?

*Pub.* The Empresse sonnes I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

*Titus.* Fie *Publius* fie; thou art too much deceaude,

The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,

And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,

*Caius* and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,

Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,

And now I finde it, therefore binde them sure,

And stop their mouthes if they begin to cry.

*Chiron.* Villaines forbear, we are the Empresse sonnes.

*Publius.* And therefore do we what we are commanded.  
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,  
Is he sure bound, lookethat you binde them fast.

Enter

of Titus Andronicus

Enter Titus Andronicus with a Banquet

*Titus.* Come, come *Lavinia*, let  
Sirs stop their mouthes, let them  
But let them heare what feareful  
Oh villaines, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*  
Here stands the spring whome  
This goodly Sommer with you  
You kild her husband, and for  
Two of her brothers were conde  
My hand cut off, and made a m  
Both her sweet hands, her tong  
Then hands or tongue, her spo  
Inhumaine traytors, you constr  
What would you say if I should  
Villaines for shame you could  
Harke wretches how I meane t  
This one hand yet is left to cut  
Whilst that *Lavinia* tweene her  
The Bason that receaues your g  
You know your Mother meane  
And calls herselfe Reuenge, an  
Harke villaines, I will grinde y  
And with your blood and it lle  
And of the paste a coffen I will  
And make two pasties of your s  
And bid that strumpet your vn  
Like to the earth swallow her o  
This is the feast that I haue bid  
And this the banquet she shall  
For worse then *Philomel* you vsd  
And worse then *Progne* I will b

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